National Tribune.

"TO CARE FOR HIM WHO HAS BORNE THE BATTLE, AND FOR HIS WIDOW AND ORPHANS."

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IN WAR TIMES.

The National Capital Just Before the Outbreak.

THE GATHERING STORM.

Dark Clouds That Hung Over the Seat of Government.

HOPING AGAINST HOPE.

Crying "Peace!" "Peace!" When There Was no Peace.

BY MAJ. BEN: PERLEY POORE, WASHINGTON, D. C.
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I.

"The eve of a great event is the holiday of fools." So says an English writer, and it was certainly the case at the National Metropolis during the Winter preceding the rebellion. The Northern residents and sojourners were inclined to think with Mr. Seward, that there would be no war. Many of them remembered the exciting times 10 years before, when the Union was threatened, but that danger was the signal for the noblest efforts of patriotism and of statesmenship in the councils of the Nation. All that was best and highest in the two great parties, Webster, Clay, Cass, Dickinson and a host of worthy compeers in both Houses of Congress, had thrown down the weapons of party warfare, and had united in a truly National spirit in averting the shipwreck of our institutions which was pending.

But when the election of Mr. Lincoln again stirred the Southern heart, no one appeared anxious to secure harmony and conciliation. Horace Greeley wrote in the New York *Tribune* on the 9th of November, 1860: "If the Cotton States shall become satisfied that they can do better out of the Union than in it, we insist on letting them go in peace." When Congress met, the Southern conspirators in the Senate and in the House were

OUTSPOKEN AND TRUCULENT,

while the Northern Abolitionists were defiant and exasperating. A few endeavored to pour oil on the troubled waters, but without effect. There were regular meetings of the Congressional conspirators in the room of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, and it was agreed that while some of them were to secede from Congress and organize a

JEFF DAVIS'S LAST SPEECH IN THE SENATE.

Southern Confederacy, others were to remain there and defeat all legislation for coercion.

On Monday, the 22d of January, 1861, Senator Yulee (originally Levy) rose at his desk and formally withdrew from the Senate. He was successively followed by Mallory, of Florida; Clay and Fitzpatrick, of Alabama; then Jeff Davis, tall and erect, in taking his leave expressed a desire that the National Flag, "when it shall no longer be the common flag of the country, shall be folded up and laid away like a vesture no longer used; that it shall be kept as a sacred memento of the past, to which each of us can make a pilgrimage, and remember the glorious days in which we were born." In conclusion he defiantly declared that "the South, putting its trust in God and in their own firm hearts and strong arms, would vindicate the right as best they might."

In the dreary debates which followed, Mason and other Southern Senators who remained at their seats, bullied and raved, sneering at coercion as the discipline that a pedagog inflicts on a village urchin at school, and pronouncing hanging for treason sheer nonsense. The alienation of the sections now visibly increased, and the spirit of fraternity was so far extinguished as to

CLOSE THE HEARTS

of the people of the North and at the South to the admission of any adjustment which would be honorable and satisfactory to all conservative citizens. A Peace Congress met at Willard's Hall, with the venerable ex-President John Tyler as its presiding officer. It was evident, however, that most of the delegates had been selected with an indirect understanding that they would not agree to any compromise.

The Government of the Confederate States was formally inaugurated at Montgomery, Ala., with Jefferson Davis as its President and Alexander H. Stevens as its Vice-President. The State sovereignty, about which so much had been said, thenceforth stood in abeyance to the supreme authority of the new Confederate Government, which was clothed with full powers of peace and war, as well as of civil administration.

As the States seceded the Confederates had seized the arsenals, the navy-yards, the mints, the Custom-houses and the postoffices, while many officials—civil, military and naval—had unceremoniously left the service of the United States to enter that of the Confederate States. Secretary Floyd had sent all the arms and munitions of war South that he possibly could. The express carried daily from Washington supplies of swords, revolvers, cartridges, percussion caps and other munitions of war. Armorers throughout the South were engaged in altering muskets, rifles and shotguns from flints to percussion, while village blacksmiths beat large files into

FORMIDABLE BOWIE-KNIVES.

The seceded States resounded with the din of military preparation, and armies had been raised, equipped and drilled with the declared purpose not only of maintaining their independence of the United States authority, but also of capturing the city of Washington.

It was the intention of the conspirators, beyond a doubt, to establish their new Government at the earliest possible moment at

LINCOLN AND BUCHANAN ON THEIR WAY TO THE CAPITOL.

Washington city. Many of the clerks who left the Departments in which they had been employed for years to enter the civil service of the new Government, openly declared that they would soon be back at their old desks, but under different masters. A clergyman in Georgetown was so confident that he would soon return, that he left his favorite cat shut up in his cellar, with a three weeks' supply of meat and bread.

President Buchanan found himself powerless to act, but he was not willing to have the Capital seized during his Administration, and his new Cabinet made preparations for its defense. Gen. Scott, who felt somewhat sore toward the South, after their repudiation of him when he was a Presidential candidate, intrusted the defense of Washington to

CAPT. CHARLES P. STONE,

of Massachusetts, who had graduated from the Military Academy in 1845, and had subsequently distinguished himself in the Mexican war, and he received a staff appointment with the rank of Colonel.

Col. Stone immediately commenced organizing the militia of the District of Columbia, and in addition to the existing companies an entire regiment was recruited, commanded by Col. Carrington. Arrangements were made for a parade on the 22d of February, with two batteries of light artillery, stationed at the Arsenal. When ex-President Tyler learned this, he protested against the military display, and on the morning of the 22d the order was countermanded. Mr. Holt, who had succeeded Floyd as Secretary of War, interfered, and the parade took place, to the annoyance of Mr. Tyler, who wrote a letter to Mr. Buchanan,

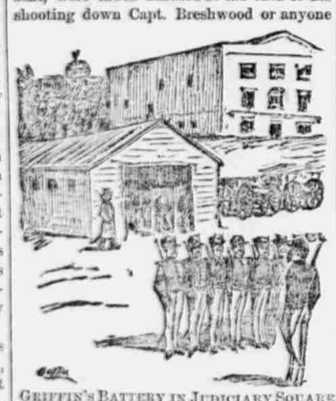
SHARPLY REBUKING HIM

for having permitted it. The President excused himself, saying that he "found it impossible to prevent two or three companies of Regulars from joining in the procession with the volunteers without giving offense to the thousands of people who had assembled to witness the parade."

The Confederate flag, known as the Stars and Bars, was substituted throughout the Confederate States for the Stars and Stripes. Mr. Hemphill Jones, an amiable old gentleman from Delaware, who was a clerk in the Treasury Department, was sent by Gen. Dix, Acting Secretary of the Treasury, to New Orleans, to look after the public property there, and he notified the Secretary that Capt. Breshwood, who commanded the United States revenue cutter stationed there, meditated going over to the Secessionists. Gen. Dix immediately telegraphed to Jones to take possession of the revenue cutter, and added, "If any one attempts to haul down the American flag,

SHOOT HIM ON THE SPOT."

This message never reached New Orleans, but it was made public at the North, and gave assurances that the Union would be defended. The acquaintances of the estimable Mr. Jones, to whom the message had been sent, were much amused at the idea of his shooting down Capt. Breshwood or anyone



GRIFFIN'S BATTERY IN JUDICIARY SQUARE

else, and he was warmly congratulated when he returned to Washington unharmed.

Then it was that the efforts of Daniel Webster in putting down nullification in 1834, and sectional agitation in 1850, bore glorious fruit. The ardent and devoted love of country which he had inspired, had not died with him, but he had left a love for the old flag and a desire that it might stream in its original luster, "not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured," bearing the motto, "Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

At Mr. Lincoln's inauguration, he was escorted to the Capitol by the United States troops, the District Militia and the Albany Burgess Corps. Col. Stone had also taken precautions against assassination. Riflemen were posted on the high buildings bordering Pennsylvania avenue, with instructions to fire on anyone seen

AIMING A WEAPON

at the President, and there was a body-guard of trained United States Engineers, commanded by Lieut. Duane, now, I believe, Chief of the Engineer Corps.

It was known at Washington that armed bodies of Confederates were moving northward from the Cotton States, and their camps were soon visible on the Southern side of the Potomac, where the Confederate flag was everywhere displayed. Confederate badges were openly worn in the streets of Washington, and young men were displaying revolvers with which they intended to shoot the Yankees. Many army and naval officers followed the example of Col. Robert E. Lee, and left the United States service for that of the Confederacy.

Meanwhile Col. Stone was not idle, and he concentrated at Washington about 1,000 Regulars, commanded by Brevet-Col. Harvey Brown, Major of the 2d Artillery. The command embraced the famous Magruder Battery, commanded by Lieut. James B. Fry; Co. A, of the 2d Artillery, Capt. W. F. Barry; a detachment of dragoons from West Point, acting as light artillery, Lieut. Charles Griffin; a detachment of dragoons from the Carlisle Depot, Lieut. Holliday; a company of Engineers, Lieut. James C. Duane; Co. H, 2d Artillery, as infantry, Lieut.-Col. Horace Brooks; Co. D, 1st Artillery, as infantry, Maj. J. A. Haskin; Co. K, 2d Artillery, as infantry, and Co. E, 2d Artillery, as infantry, Capt. A. Elzey. Then there were about 200 marines, commanded by Col. John Haines, and a battery of boat howitzers, manned by sailors, under the command of Capt. Dahlgren.

Washington began to assume the appearance of a garrisoned town, and the hotels were crowded with excited men in abund-

GEN. SCOTT AND COL. STONE.

ance, each one anxious—like Jack Downing—to shed the last drop of his blood, but careful about

LOSING THE FIRST DROP.

Everything began to foreshadow the bloody tragedy of civil war that was about to be enacted, and yet but few apprehended actual hostilities.

There was, however, a general desire to rescue the menaced Capital of the Union and to uphold the Stars and Stripes. Every loyal lip was the vehicle of a vow to sustain the administration, which was no longer viewed in a partisan, but in a National aspect. "Our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country," was the pivotal sentiment upon which the loyal North, sinking all political divisions, wheeled into a compact and solid front of resistance to rebellion.

[To be continued.]

[Written for THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.]

THE FLIGHT OF JOHN LEFARR.

BY HYLAND C. KIRK.

Of perilous deeds that stir the mind
And sympathy for human kind,
Few have been told of peace or war,
Surpassing the flight of John Lefarr.
'Twas the hundreth year of the Nation's life,
The day of the sanguinary strife
When Custer and his gallant band
Fell by the redman's savage hand.
A squad of seven that bloody day
Were scouting some three miles away
From the main command. The prairie vast,
As they halt on the plain for a brief repast,
Lies quiet and still. No sound or sign
Of aught but peace could one divine
As John Lefarr, a boy in his teens,
Prepared to mount. When a hundred fiends,
From the prairie grass with a yell of death,
Were on them ere they could draw breath!
To turn his horse and with a swing
Of the frightened steed on his back to spring
Was a moment's work, and looking back
He saw the devils upon his track.
His comrades were behind him, too,
But one by one they fell from view—
Fell as the death-struck only fall,
Each life crushed out by a minie-ball.
John saw this hugging close his horse,
Straining to cheat the bullet's course.
How swiftly hope revives the mind,
As death and danger fall behind.
But a thud on his neck and a smart of pain
As a ball tore through, made him doubt again.
Then the sound of a bullet's sudden ping,
And across his cheek a fiery sting.
And the dullish gluck of a ball in his thigh,
Which stopped, while a score or more went by,
All made him fear; yet on he flew,
And each leap gained on the murderous Sioux.
Five minutes more and the leaden rain
He would outstrip and the timber gain.
But his horse rears upright—plunges—falls,
As another shower of the cursed balls
Go whistling by. Now, soldier, pray,
Ere you see no more the light of day.
He hears the hound and devilish yelp
Of a single Sioux. The rest to scalp
And rob his friends, have stopped behind.
Again hope rises in his mind.
Hid in the grass, his gun in place,
He awaits a glimpse of the warrior's face.
A carbine's crack and a dying bound—
And John was creeping over the ground
Like a stealthy cat concealed in the sedge.
Alas, as he reaches a rising ledge,
Their demon whoop again he hears,
And now redoubled are all his fears.
But life is sweet, its ally thought,
To save and keep it, yields to naught.
Throwing away his useless gun,
He starts into an open run.
He gains the wood. What can he do?
He's growing faint; but hid from view,
He yet may baffle savage hate;
A moment must decide his fate.
He drops his hat, and a space remote,
But further on, thrown by his coat;
Then, q ickly stealing back, lies flat
Some distance rearward of his hat.
A friendly log, some clustering leaves,
And favoring shadow of the trees
Conceal him as the Sioux go by.
His cast-off garments they espy,
But thinking that their wily prey
Intends by these their course to stay,
They speed right on—and on—and on—
One awful moment, and they're gone,
Wounded and weak, he reached his friends,
And with them safe, his story ends.
Save this: his hair, as black as night,
Was changed in hue to milky white.
Few perilous deeds of peace or war
Surpass the flight of John Lefarr.

FALL OF NEW ORLEANS

A Graphic Sketch of the Opening of the Mississippi.

PAST THE BATTERIES

The Vessels of the Fleet Swept Almost Unscathed.

THE CRESCENT CITY

Surrendered to the Federal Forces Under Farragut.

BY WILBER H. WEBBER, CO. H, 6TH MICH., LAMPASAS, TEX.

About the 15th of April, 1862, our brigade, consisting of the 21st Ind., 4th Wis., and 6th Mich., were ordered on board the sailing vessel Great Republic, which had a few days before arrived at Ship Island. We had been stopping at the Island about a month and were anxious to get away, as our camping-ground was a low bed of sand, over which the water swept in hard storms. The fleets, both Farragut's and Porter's, had some time before sailed for the mouth of the Mississippi, and the land forces were being forwarded as fast as possible. A small steamer was used to take us from a few timbers called a wharf to the immense vessel—it then being the largest sailing-ship afloat. Our cargo of men and commissary stores were so late getting on board that no attempt was made to weigh anchor until the next morning.

It was well along in the day when the gunboat Jackson came alongside to take us in tow. While the preparations were in progress, the gunboat New London raised anchor and passed close to us on her way to Lakes Borgne and Pontchartrain. All hands turned out to wish us good luck on our expedition. We all had a kindly feeling toward the New London, on account of the dashing, fearless way the boat had of being in the right place at the right time to annoy the enemy or to assist their friends. After our anchor was "catted" away, the Jackson started out with us for the Southwest Pass of the Mississippi River. We made slow progress at first, as the gunboat broke several hawsers getting c.e to hold, and we anchored for the night just out of sight of Ship Island. The next morning broke bright and clear, and as soon as the anchor could be raised we were again taken in tow. As the sun rose higher the decks began to reflect the heat, and the sailors were ordered to unfurl the huge sails, which were allowed to flap in the fresh gulf breeze and dry, as well as furnish shade for the more than

THREE THOUSAND SOLDIERS ON BOARD.

We found plenty of instructive amusement in watching the different species of animal life in the water around us. The medusæ, or jelly fish, in countless numbers, were floating on every side, like a miniature umbrella with the handle down, forming a protection to numbers of small fish, who were careful never to get far from their protector. The most social and playful was the awkard porpoise. Their manner of throwing themselves in the water suggested the appearance of hogs jumping in shallow places while being driven.

CONFEDERATE RAM MANASSAS.

On the 18th, soon after the middle of the day, we began to see in the distance the line of demarcation between the muddy water of the river and the sea water, as they did not readily mix. The difference was plainly visible for several miles, and then after reaching the line we found the muddy water in huge blotches here and there, gradually growing thicker and thicker as we advanced, until after a couple miles the water was all muddy. Just before dark we anchored off the mouth of Southwest Pass and indulged in the luxury of some good fresh water, which was, although muddy, the first good water we had tasted since leaving Baltimore. A little sugar in a cup of even this colored water to moisten our gluey "hard tack" was something to be thankful for. The U. S. frigate Colorado and the British frigate Mersey were anchored near us on either hand.

The shore, or visible appearance of one was scattering shoots of coarse grass or flag, gradually growing closer together until in the middle distance bushes succeeded the grass, and further on trees replaced the bushes. Looking up the pass on the right some distance away was a collection of houses built on piles, called Pilot Town, whose only street consisted of a canal or bayou, into which steps descended from the door to the boats.

We could distinctly hear the cannonading at the forts—Jackson and St. Philip—and see the smoke rising in the far distance. At night we spent many an hour watching the flash of the guns and the lighted fuse of the shells, that appeared

LIKE A LINE OF FIRE

from fleet to forts in the shape of an arch. At times the scene would be varied by signal rockets and colored lights or the bursting of shells in mid-air. Several gunboats—the Saxon, Cuba and Matanzas—came down to coal, and then returned to the conflict, signs of which began to show in floating debris. Many of the sailors on the mortar fleet had to be relieved on account of the severe concussion from the firing of the mortars, which so affected some of them that the skin of their faces had broken open, while in others the tender membranes of the ears and nose had been ruptured, causing severe pain, and in some cases deafness.

Several attempts were made to get us over the bar, but the Great Republic was of too deep draft, and every effort resulted in failure. With the exception of watching the bombardment at night several days passed monotonously away. The night preceding the 24th seemed to be one of unusual excitement in the fleet, so much so that our deck was nearly all night crowded, watch-

ATTACKING FORT ST. PHILIP.

ing the movements. Signal rockets and colored lanterns seemed to be continually in motion, although the mortars still persisted in regularly throwing their shells into the forts. About 3 in the morning everything had become so unnaturally quiet that we suspected some new move, and our suspicions were soon confirmed by the sound of whole broadsides. The noise grew fearful. The air seemed to be all of a quiver from the force of the violent explosions. The continuous broadsides from the fleet and forts, combined with the light of the fire-rafts sent down by the enemy,

LIGHTED THE HEAVENS

with a lurid glow that, in connection with the noise of repeated explosions, made it appear from our distant point of view as if the internal fires of the earth were bursting forth. The violence of the conflict lasted but a few hours.

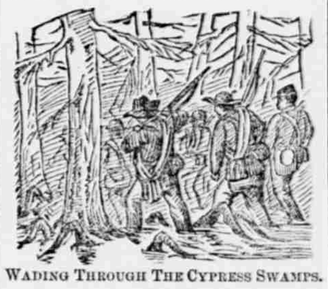
Soon after day the mortar fleet came down and anchored opposite Pilot Town, and as the forts had not surrendered we were ordered around to Black Bay, in rear of Fort St. Philip, to land and take the fort by assault. Accordingly the Matanzas took us in tow. While the sailors were hoisting and "catting" the anchor, and had nearly finished, the anchor took a sudden turn to one side and dropped off one of the sailors into the gulf. Word was immediately passed to the rear to throw over something to which the sailor could cling when he rose to the surface, but we watched closely along the bulwark, and do not think he ever rose again. The whole thing was so sudden that it caused a general feeling of sadness on the crowded deck. A boat was lowered and spent some time in looking around, but without result.

After reaching the bay the troops commenced landing in small boats, and as it would take until late in the day to get to us we spent the time in watching in the direction of the forts. After a little time our attention was attracted by a dense smoke near St. Philip. From the mizzen-top the flames were easily seen, and the occasional puff of flame and white smoke as a heated gun went off showed that the fire was beyond control. Suddenly, while intently watching, a large glare or flash appeared, and simultaneously a tall column of smoke arose like a gigantic tree to the very heavens, and then by some internal force was flung outward in all directions, scattering the fragments of destruction all over the surrounding country.

Our men were wading through the wet cypress swamp toward the quarantine station as fast as they were landed, bruising and crippling themselves on the pointed knees of the cypress, many of which were below the surface of the water, and consequently invisible. After landing over half of the troops, the gunboat Lewis came up and reported

THE SURRENDER OF THE FORTS.

The explosion that we saw was the Confederate floating battery Louisiana, which was blown up rather than surrender. The Matanzas again took us in tow for the mouth of the river, and as New Orleans had surrendered to Farragut, we were wanted there immediately. We soon reached the mouth of the river and anchored. Evidences of the



WADING THROUGH THE CYPRESS SWAMPS.

terrible conflict were continually floating down. One of the Confederate ironclads floated by us into the gulf, also portions of the wrecks of destroyed vessels, and the charred remains of flatboats, which had been used as fire-rafts to injure the fleet, with cotton still burning on them.

On Tuesday, the 29th of April, after a last effort to get the Great Republic over the bar, we were transferred to the St. Charles, a river boat, for New Orleans. From tufts of grass and clumps of bushes there gradually grew to be a soil wet and treacherous, but continually growing firmer. Above the head of the Passes or Delta trees succeeded the bushes, and close to the river was quite a width of solid land. As we reached the forts, which were on opposite sides of the river, at a bend and very narrow place, the ends of the heavy iron cables were still hanging from the shore, the fleet having cut them at some point in the river and under a heavy fire.

The havoc of shot and shell now began to show in the broken and battered walls and casemates of Jackson and the burnt and burning buildings of St. Philip. Above the forts for a few miles the destruction was almost impossible to describe. A short distance above St. Philip, on the right, lay the U. S. gunboat Varuna, with a portion of her bow still out of the water, the men having fought to the last, losing everything but

THE CLOTHES ON THEIR BACKS.

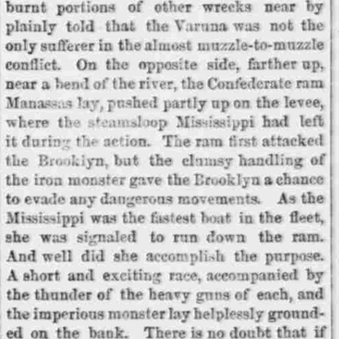
The spars sticking out of the water and burnt portions of other wrecks near by plainly told that the Varuna was not the only sufferer in the almost muzzle-to-muzzle conflict. On the opposite side, farther up, near a bend of the river, the Confederate ram Manassas lay, pushed partly up on the levee, where the steamsloop Mississippi had left it during the action. The ram first attacked the Brooklyn, but the clumsy handling of the iron monster gave the Brooklyn a chance to evade any dangerous movements. As the Mississippi was the fastest boat in the fleet, she was signaled to run down the ram. And well did she accomplish the purpose. A short and exciting race, accompanied by the thunder of the heavy guns of each, and the imperious monster lay helplessly grounded on the bank. There is no doubt that if the Confederate ram Manassas had been handled as well as Farragut's vessels, it would have done an incalculable amount of injury to the aggressing fleet.

A turn to the right again brought us along a thickly-timbered shore literally strewn with wrecks of destroyed vessels—ships, steamships, schooners, keelboats and even flatboats, with only small portions of some of them remaining to show what they had been. The crushed and splintered sides, with dead bodies hanging here and there, made a ghastly sight to us who were new to the destruction of war. During the conflict there were several river steamboats loaded with Confederate soldiers to reinforce the forts coming down. No notice having been taken of them by the fleet, one of them having a howitzer on the hurricane deck, fired it down into the Brooklyn. As quick as lanyard could be pulled, a broadside of 9-inch Dahlgren guns was poured into the flimsy affair.

THE LAST SEEN OF THE BOAT

it was literally in pieces flying in the air. But for the impudence of the act of firing in such a condition and wounding several sailors, the transport would have remained unnoticed.

A few miles further brought us to the Quarantine Station, where our sick and wounded were left to be cared for. About the first visible signs of civilization were



ENTERING NEW ORLEANS.

large orange orchards regularly laid out. These were succeeded by rice and cane fields of great extent. All vegetation was in the advanced stages of late Spring, and the wind wafted delicious perfumes from the flowers and orange groves. The long, light-green leaves of the banana, and small, dark-green leaves of the Japan plum were new to us and attracted much notice. The large magnolia with fragrant white flowers, like stars amongst the leaves, and in the distance the somber cypress with long festoons of Spanish moss swaying in the wind, formed a scene never to be forgotten. The change from the warlike to quiet rural life was as pleasant as it was sudden. An occasional flatboat with burning cotton came floating down, the object being destruction or consternation to our vessels, but it wholly failed, and the labor of hundreds of men drifted on to the gulf and destruction.

At the English Turn batteries had been made by the Confederates by cutting embrasures in the top of the levee for their guns. These batteries, which were on both sides of the river, commenced firing at the fleet as soon as they came within reach, but the fleet reserved their principal fire until they could lay almost alongside in passing up, and the result showed the wisdom of the act. The whole armament was upset and disabled. The muzzles of the cannon—those that had whole ones left—were pointing heavenward, being completely blown on end by the repeated broadsides of the fleet as it passed. At this bend we got our first view of

THE CRESCENT CITY,

which was half obscured by smoke rising along the whole river front, from the smoldering remains of the wholesale destruction of cotton, sugar, molasses and provisions. As we slowly passed by the city wharves we could not help being awed by the menacing black hulls of the gunboats scattered along for miles, with their huge guns loaded and run out ready for action. The excitement on shore only seemed to be kept quiet by the menacing guns. At the head of Canal street we swung up to the wharf and tied fast, but, in doing so, crushed against a small steamer, which was so badly injured that it sank before we had all landed. The high stage of water in the river caused the waves made by the boats to wash over the levee and run back, which, mixed with the sugar, molasses and clay of the levee, made a sticky slush quite shoe deep.

The surrender of New Orleans was, next to the loss of Richmond, the greatest blow that could have befallen the Southern Confederacy. It was the only great commercial

(Continued on 2d page.)

A PRISONER OF WAR.

A Veteran Illinois Soldier in Andersonville.

MISERY AND DEATH.

The Unspeakable Wretchedness of the Union Captives.

LOOKING FOR RELIEF.

And Longing for the Day of Deliverance.

BY LIEUT. C. W. KEIFER, VETERAN BATTALION, 14TH AND 15TH ILL., LEAVENWORTH, KAN.

I.

On the 3d day of October, 1864, when Gen. Hood was making his great movement in Sherman's rear, an Arkansas brigade, under Gen. Reynolds, swooped down upon our little Co. F, Veteran battalion, 14th and 15th Ill. Inf., stationed at a water tank on the Atlantic & Western Railroad three miles north of Big Shanty, Ga., called Moon Station, and gobbled us all up—or, to be exact, all but one. This man wanted to live to see another battle, and left at once for the next station north.

There were 76 men of us, all told, but with one man at each loophole firing and two or three loading for him, with the Captain in the center and the Lieutenants standing round to "whoop 'em up," our little stockade made a lively fight while it lasted. It was near sunset when the Johnnies came in sight, and all was over at dark.

Early in the attack one of our men was shot through the thigh, and directly after Capt. Weisner was creased, on the right side I think, but one of his grit was not disabled for duty. In the meantime I had

BUCKLED ON THE EQUIPMENTS

of the wounded man and taken position at the door of the stockade to make myself more useful. While there I had one fair shot at a Johnny sitting on the edge of the railroad cut, which had stopped him in his charge. He seemed afraid to make the slide of 12 or 15 feet, but when I fired he went down without further consideration. I did not learn whether I had hit him or not.

It was growing dark when the Captain threw up the sponge, or rather his hat, for a sign to the enemy to cease firing. I turned to go in the stockade, when a rebel soldier picked off my hat. I must say I was surprised to find the enemy within arm's length. I took the hat rather suddenly from him, shot my hand through the crown, and said, "You don't want that old hat!" He let me keep it.

We were drawn up in line, and in less time than it takes to tell it the Johnnies had all our overcoats and blankets, most of our hats, shoes, jack-knives and money, leaving us a motley-looking mob indeed. While this was going on I noticed they had overlooked our headquarters tent, a little way off in a clump of trees. I said to the General, who had ridden up, that if he would let me go to my tent to procure some things I would

MAKE HIM A PRESENT.

He sent a guard with me, and I soon had my valise stuffed with clothing and other articles, and with overcoat and blanket on one arm I returned. I presented him a pair of new gantlets, and asked him to give us what protection he could, as we were being stripped of everything. He rode off in a few moments, and immediately the overcoat and blanket were snatched right and left; but no one wanted the carpet bag, a treasury on which I drew sparingly during my whole prison life.

We were then marched to Big Shanty and put in the station over night with those of Co. A, same battalion, who had been captured

OFF THE TRAIN AT LAST.

earlier in the afternoon. The Johnnies came around in numbers to see their captives and for trade. I put on two or three shirts and two pairs of drawers, fearing they would continue the robbery begun at Moon Station, A rebel Colonel was much pleased with the pipe I was smoking, which had a long hard-rubber stem. I told him if he had any substitute I would exchange. He produced a good hand-made pipe, carved bowl, with cane stem. I brought mine through, but am sure the Colonel got no satisfaction, as a flaw in the bowl caused it to fall in two pieces and at the time it was only

STUCK TOGETHER WITH MUCILAGE.

About midnight there was a call for a couple of volunteers. Joe Reed, of Co. A, and I came out. We were shown a couple of dead bodies at the north end of the station, and were told to dig a hole for them. On looking at the bodies I saw that one was Pony Wells, of my old company (B, 14th Ill.,) and the other was a negro, probably a cook for the company picked up at the station. It was a very shallow grave when we were told that it was deep enough. We first put in the body of Wells, and were then ordered to "throw in the nigger." I declaimed against